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the pursuits of literature entirely, and betake himself to some monkish retreat. He proposed to part with his library, and begged his friend Petrarch to accept of it, as a discharge of some debts which he owed him. From this, however, he was dissuaded by Petrarch, who showed, with great eloquence, that literature might be made subservient to piety and virtue. "I know by experience," said he, "how much the knowledge of letters may contribute to produce just opinions; to render a man eloquent; to perfect his manners; and, what is much more important, to strengthen his religious principles. If you resolve, however, to part with your books, I will never suffer them to fall into base hands. Though separated in body, we are united in mind. I cannot fix any price upon them; and I will only propose one condition, that we shall pass the remainder of our lives together, and that you shall thus enjoy my books and your own."

In subsequent papers, we shall take a view of such of the writings of Boccaccio as have had an influence on modern literature. W.

THE WANING MOON.

THE waning Moon looks less and less;
She leaves her walk of loneliness,
And o'er her face, so wan and fair,
Slow moves a darkness, like despair.—
I've mark'd her small, as even now;
Then smiling with a broader brow,
Unfolding like some timid flower,
Until her brightest, loveliest hour.
But now she fadeth fast away,
And other orbs shall bless her ray;
While here no more her vestal light
Shall gild the gloomy dome of night.
—So shines the joy we value here!
Its beams a while our sadness cheer;
But scarce the brightest hour hath shone,
It wanes—it steals away—'tis gone!
And yet we vainly woo the smile
Of what endures so short a while;
And give to such a fleeting ray,
The heart we turn from Heaven away!

D.